"I'll do anything you desire": Alexandria the Dominatrix and Marjorie's Coerced Submission

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"I'll do anything you desire": Alexandria the Dominatrix and Marjorie's Coerced Submission

by lefemmerougensfw

Summary

Marjorie is in a tizzy thanks to marital problems. She lashes out against a charismatic Latina congresswoman. What she finds is a person who is caring, a person who breaks through her hard exterior, and gets her to open up about what she is going through. The Latina soon dominates her, showing that this racist trash likes nothing more than to be submissive...

Notes

I know this fic may be a bit controversial and uneasy for some. Admittedly, I'm not sure exactly what brought me to start this fic in mid-November. It could have been recent media coverage about the feud between the orange one and Marjory Taylor-Greene (MTG) about the Epstein files. Anyway, the first two paragraphs are based on what MTG actually did with others based upon her life story. I also relied on information from her Wikipedia page for additional personal details,

The look of Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez (AOC) in this fic, when wearing the hoodie, is loosely based upon this post on Instagram. Her other look is based on the casual look she wore when she campaigned with/for Zohran Mamdani in New York City as New York City mayor as shown here, here, and here and partially by this casual look in this video. This was also inspired by a post where AOC noted that MTG threw "a tantrum" back in September 2023. Otherwise, this image of AOC sitting on the steps of building, possibly in the Bronx, was an inspiration for AOC to be the dominant one. She is a very glamorous person, much more so than MTG. That, of course, was a further inspiration. This fic is the second fic on here which brings together MTG and AOC in a romantic ship. As such, I had to base what I did upon the other fic, and related ones.

Although I, personally, agree with AOC 1,000 times more than MTG, this fic was interesting to write, in a certain way. It was almost a bit cathartic and a challenge, as I'd never written something like this before. The fact that AOC has often posted about MTG, including in July and recently following MTG's announcement that she will resign, encouraged me to finish this fic. The title of the series this fic is part of, "The Fierce Latina Domme Takes Charge" is inspired partially by this Wikiquote page, and the fact that dominatrixes are also known as "domme" at times.

This fic was originally entitled "Expect the Unexpected?: Alexandria the Dominatrix and Marjorie's Submission" but I changed it to the current title because it uses a quote from

Marjorie herself in the text.

This fic was cross-posted on Squidge World and Adult Fanfiction (where it is entitled "Alex the Dominatrix and Marjorie's Submission").

Update #1: I have received two comments so far which I refuse to publish. One was an art scammer. The second, from a user named eddiefuckingway, declared they were "absolutely appalled by what is contained within this story's chapters" and that "the subject matter is not just morally repugnant, it describes acts that are unequivocally illegal and deeply disturbing," claiming it "crosses a line that no fictional work should ever approach, let alone publish openly," going onto to say they felt "compelled to take immediate and serious action, and as such, I have filed a comprehensive report with the police cybercrime unit," going onto say it needs to be "investigated thoroughly, and the content must be permanently removed from this site and all archives immediately." This threat is empty and falls apart, as it never says which unit, where it located, or any details. Also, nothing in this fic is "illegal," nor is it, fundamentally, deeply disturbing, even if you snarl at it morally. Comments like that make me want to write these stories even *more*, so thanks for giving me the motivation, ha! Thanks to all who have read this so far.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Oh Baby Girl! by Shaboobamon
- Inspired by Dark Pearls by ethelfleda
- Inspired by Being Used by orphan_account
- Inspired by Alexandria's bitch by orphan_account
- Inspired by AOC on the real story behind that Marjorie Taylor Greene exchange by MS Now (formerly MSNBC)
- Inspired by How Long Does It Take To Knock Out A Person Using Chloroform? by Ashish for ScienceABC
- Inspired by Congresswoman Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez on Self-Love, Fighting the Power, and Her Signature Red Lip by Zoe Ruffner for Vogue
- Inspired by WSW (Women Who Have Sex with Women) by Consent Culture

Marjorie had always had it out for Alexandria. Before she had entered the hallowed halls of Congress, she walked through a congressional office building with a few male lackeys. She, and the others, had taunted the congresswoman's staff, even defiling the guest book, calling her a "baby" and telling her to face those she served. She said Alexandria should be "a big girl," get rid of her diaper, then come out and talk. Some time later, the Latina had described her as "deeply unwell" and said she had a "fixation" on her for several years. In response, Marjorie had claimed she had been harassed.

She had been criticized for her social media posts. She had called the Latina "nutty" and nicknamed her "crazy eyes," even saying that the Democrat's office was a "day care." She planned to visit the offices of two other congresswomen, Ilhan and Rashida. That was three years before, in the heady time of February 2019, before the ravages of the COVID-19 pandemic, and before she was elected. She later deleted her social media stream, but everyone remembered.

The year was 2022. It was late September. She had just announced that her marriage with a man, Perry, she had three children with, was "irretrievably broken." He had filed for divorce. She was reviled for her strong defense of the so-called traditional family. She demonized trans people and declared a "spiritual war" on gender-affirming medical care, claiming it was appalling and disgusting. As she strode through the halls, she saw her fellow congresswoman walking ahead of her. "Hey, Alexandria!" she cried out. She had a quick follow-up. "You don't care about *the people!* Why do you support people who want to break up families! Why you support homewreckers!"

The congresswoman proudly walked ahead, not even acknowledging her. Marjorie walked away. She had shared extremist thoughts time and time again, calling for people's executions, and amplified conspiracies and White nationalism. She openly identified as a Christian nationalist. All of that was falling apart. That very month, she had introduced resolutions to impeach Joe Biden for selling oil for foreign nations and proposed the same for other Biden officials. She had previously raised impeachment for the U.S. government extending the moratorium on residential evictions, during the early years of pandemic, and for leaving Afghanistan. If that wasn't enough, earlier that year, she had shared an out-there conspiracy about the Highland Park parade shooting on July 4th of that year. She claimed, without evidence, that it was aimed to make Republicans "go along with more gun control" and that LGBTQ+ activists were involved. The month after, she introduced legislation to make gender-affirming care for trans youth a felony. That same month she declared that the warming climate was "healthy," rejecting the overwhelming scientific consensus that climate change was caused by human activity. She even curiously claimed that salafi terrorist Ayman al-Zawahiri had *not* been killed.

That night, as she was leaving the House chamber, she felt a tap on her shoulder. She quickly spun around. Was someone trying to get the jump on her? The woman wore a stylish black hoodie and had her face covered. She talked in a distinct accent and spoke softly. "Hey, Marjorie." She knew *exactly* who it was. It was none other than Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez! That *damn socialist from the Bronx*. The one she hated. Why in the world was this woman

talking to her? What did she want with her? She thought this woman *detested* her. She had to assert herself. She couldn't let this damn woman take charge.

"Ale-" she started to say, before the woman put her hand on her mouth and shook her head. She said, speaking in a near-whisper, "follow me." Marjorie felt that she had to go along with her. Perhaps the hand of God was guiding her or something. Alexandria was engaged to a White man, a web developer named Riley Roberts. However, he was in New York City, and she was in D.C. So there was some distance between them. They had no plans to get legally married to one another. Despite the fact that she detested this woman, she hoped that she could *maybe* bridge the divide between them.

She brought her to a nearby closet and pulled down her hoodie, revealing flawless skin and her brown hair, which was carefully brushed and put together. Clearly, she put a lot of thought into her look. In contrast, this Georgian woman just looked *like an ogre* with blond hair. She looked like she was losing it. "Okay, Marjorie. You have to tell me what that shouting was about this morning. What's going on with you?" They had only talked curtly since she had been elected in early January 2021. There wasn't much dialogue between them... at all. Marjorie remained defiant.

"Like I'd tell you! You are a *dirty* socialist. You don't know *anything* about me!" She had a point, on one level. At the same time, Alexandria knew everything she could about this woman who had a "fixation" with her. How couldn't she? The brown-haired woman sighed. This was going to be difficult. How could she get her to open up? "Fine, Marjorie. But I can *tell* you are hurting." The blond-haired woman was not sure. Before she could think of anything else, the Latina pulled out a cloth out of her leather purse and poured a sweet-smelling liquid onto. In one quick motion, she placed it over Marjorie's mouth. She started to feel disoriented and lethargic. It wasn't enough to make her feel completely unconscious, but enough that she couldn't think straight. What had this woman done to her?

Without any choice, she followed Alexandria's instructions, putting on a disguise. She knew that if anyone saw them together, it would certainly be a big scandal. Usually, she would take the bus or walk, or even use the subway. This time, she called a taxi which could take her back to her apartment. She had to get there before the liquid's effects wore off. She quickly made her way to her apartment, located somewhere in the Navy Yard area. Prior to this, she had told reporters that she could not afford rent in the city. This high-rise had been built only a few years before. Right-wing media had slammed it as a luxury building, sitting in a cool neighborhood, with the rent beginning at $2,000 a month, and with various amenities. They derided her as a "hypocrite." Of course, they always distorted the truth about what was actually going on.

The Latina guided her inside. They made it past 24/7 lobby security. The guard smiling at her, he happily welcomed back "Miss Alexandria." She did her best to not alert them that this person was out of it. The guard had no clue. She made her way to her apartment, no. 501. She put this woman down on the couch, then retreated to her kitchen, to pour herself a glass of red wine. What was she doing? She didn't know. But this was the only place she could talk to her *alone.*

Marjorie finally came to, no longer disoriented. "Why am I here? What do want with me? I'll call the cops on you!" The Latina laughed as hard as she could. This woman couldn't scare her. She wouldn't put up with her talking to her this way. "Oh, Marjorie, I'm not afraid of you," she said, while sipping on her red wine. "This is *my* apartment. *My* place. You don't have any power over me here." Marjorie didn't know what she was talking about. She had intended on having power over her. On the surface, she condemned her for everything she stood for. Deep down, there was one key reason she did not like her: she was a successful woman of color.

"I'll never apologize for saying you want to break up families and support homewreckers! You don't know anything...I'll never tell you about my divorce!" The room went silent. Alexandria looked at her with wild eyes. She went back into the kitchen and grabbed another wine glass. "You mean with Perry, right?" Marjorie slowly started to crack, her hard exterior falling away. She nodded and tears went down her cheeks. After the Latina poured her wine, she drank it with one gulp, surprising her.

"That bastard was cheating on me! I had three children with him and tried to end it with him eight years ago, but his behavior didn't change...I don't know what to do." Alexandria didn't know what to say to this woman. She *clearly* was a terrible, odious woman. She had rightly been described as a far-right troll. She knew exactly why she had said what she did that morning: she had been projecting.

"You just have to soldier on, even when the times are tough, Marjorie, you know..." She was cut off when Marjorie began drinking more of the wine and became more belligerent. She started going off at the Latina. "You've never been married or had any children. You don't have any life experience, no life wisdom...no one will take you seriously..." She started to slur and began shouting. "You live in this swanky place...you are such a privileged socialist...such *a phony*."

Alexandria couldn't stop laughing. This person was clearly a *hot mess*. This person was clearly off her rocker. "What can I say, Marjorie? People my age love our amenities. Who wouldn't want to live in an efficient building, with a clean public space, a rooftop garden, clean water, and clean air?" She added, while inching closer to the other woman, "I *earned* it. I *deserve* it." Usually, this kind of thing wouldn't happen. Her boyfriend would be there. He often walked her to work. One magazine had even done a story on it, in which they followed her around for 36 hours to give a window into her political life. This time, he was up in Manhattan for a work trip.

Marjorie was taken back. People had described the Latina as a remarkable, charismatic woman, with amazing looks and stylish confidence. They praised her for being savvy with social media. She had made history as one of the youngest women to be elected. Due to her idealistic progressive beliefs, the legislation she proposed was sneered at by some, who claimed it was "radical," even though that was inaccurate. Even her detractors could deny that she always looked good. "You are such a *force of nature*, Alexandria," Marjorie said, while continuing to slur her speech. "Maybe you aren't nutty or crazy eyes after all..." Alexandria laughed once again. She knew what to say.

"I think you were right, Marjorie. I *do* have crazy eyes. It's not in the way you think. I captivate people, making them anticipate what will come next. My gaze will pierce into your soul." She couldn't deny that. "Crazy eyes" were said to convey dark sentiments, but it could indicate extreme joy, excitement, or surprise, exploring something uncharted, pushing boundaries, and challenging the norms of society. Others saw it as a way to stand out, a form of individuality, evoking a variety of emotions. That was clear for her. She was known for her fashion sense, her beauty, her style, and glamour.

"I've always thought you were *amazing*, Alexandria, to rise from working as a bartender to becoming a politician...it's astounding." The other woman could do nothing more than smile. It felt weird to be praised in this way. With her passion and confidence, she stepped forward, not feeling uneasy at all. For a woman who was 15 years older than her to describe her this way, made her feel happy. Endorphins were rushing through her body. The words from this woman wasn't bringing out her dark side, not at all. "Thanks for saying that, Marjorie." Seeing this woman up close made the blond-haired woman start to sweat. Something within her was changing. She was feeling things she didn't want to feel. Things that she wasn't "supposed" to feel. It wasn't right to feel this way about another woman, right?

She couldn't stop herself from saying, "You are so sexy, classy, and gorgeous... *so much better* than me." Perhaps the alcohol was getting to her. The Latina snapped back, as she did in her typically witty way. She blushed a little, her brown skin getting warm. "Thanks...Marjorie...you should decide if you hate me or want to *do it* with me...I feel that energy coming from you." The woman looked at her like she had a thousand heads. What was she saying to her? She couldn't possibly mean what she was thinking right? "Uh, Alexandria?" she said. She felt a bit uncomfortable.

She was squirming and her body shifting. The Latina spun around, her dark eyes flashing at her. With her eyes clearing, she could see it now. The woman had on a red sleeveless dress which accentuated her figure. "Oh, don't even play, Marjorie. I know you want me, right? It's so damn obvious. Don't hold back on my account." The woman looked at her wild-eyed. Yes, this woman was attractive, grabbed attention, often with her sleek looks, her glasses, and her bright red lipstick. There was no doubt.

She couldn't say anything more before something started to trickle down her leg. This couldn't be happening! She wasn't gay or anything like that, *right*? Somehow the damn gay virus had gotten to her, she thought. She couldn't be feeling this way about another woman. It went against everything she thought she knew. "I don't know what it is...but I..." The Latina cut her off. She sighed. She had to set the record straight. "You *are* attracted to me...romantically and sexually...just admit it." Marjorie couldn't disagree. This damn socialist, she frustrated her so much! She sheepishly responded in a low voice, "I guess so."

Alexandria came closer to her, getting right in her face, just as Marjorie had done all those years ago, when harassing her. "Can you say that louder?" She shouted at the top of her lungs, "yes, fine! I think *you are hot*! And I feel attracted to you...there, I said it!" The Latina shook her head. She knew that wasn't it. That was only scratching the surface. She came close to the woman again. "You want to do it with me, is that right?" Marjorie looked at her wild eyed again. "I...don't know...I mean *I suppose* I'm single now...but I've never done it with a woman...least of all a *socialist slut*." The Latina had fury in her eyes. She was going to get

her for that. She wouldn't let her get away with it. She sort of had her consent now. So, she kept going. "You'll regret saying that, *Marjorie*," she said, thrusting her hand in-between the other woman's legs. She couldn't stop herself from moaning.

As she suddenly stopped and Marjorie was in a daze, she looked up, only to hear an order from a woman who towered over her. "Strip." She didn't budge. She wouldn't be doing that, least of all for *this* woman. She didn't want that. "I won't repeat myself again. A *bitch* like you, that's caused so much harm, doesn't defy orders." Marjorie meekly replied, "yes, ma'am." She proceeded to take off each item of clothing, so that she was now only in her bra and underwear. She felt so exposed. The Latina wasn't having this. She could see that this woman was getting aroused by her. It brought her more pleasure than she would like to admit. She could never tell her followers about this, *ever*.

"Take off your panties and bra. You *don't have* the privilege of wearing those." Marjorie couldn't get out of this. She quickly took off her remaining clothes. She attempted to cover herself. The Latina moved the woman's arms aside. She grabbed a stylish piece of rainbow yarn she had on a nearby table and tied Marjorie's arms together. She couldn't stop Alexandria from ravaging her. Suddenly, the woman's three fingers entered her special garden at once, causing another moan, followed by further bouts of pleasure when her exposed boobs were slapped. The Latina declared, "you like that, *bitch*?" Marjorie could say nothing more than nod. She'd never felt this way before, not even from her ex-husband.

"You are so wet, Marjorie, for me...you are an awful woman, but you have such *a beautiful pussy*." Marjorie, of course, would dispute that, without question. She saw herself as righteous, fighting for "ordinary people" or something. Anyone with a bone of sense in their body would agree with Alexandria's description about her as a person. Rather than using a vibrator, or anything else, she was using her hands, her own body. She wanted to show her who was boss and who was in charge. "You damn slut, you'll lick me out before you earn the right to cum."

Marjorie was hesitant. "I don't know...Ale," she started to say, before she was cut off. Alexandria slapped her special place so hard that cum began to start coming out at a more rapid pace. "You will. You will pleasure me *whenever* I want to." The Latina forced her head down. She lifted up her sleeveless dress and pulled down her panties. Marjorie did was she was told. "Shove it in there!" Alexandria exclaimed. As her tongue entered inside, the Latina moaned herself. She couldn't believe she was being pleasured by this despicable woman, someone she despised with every bone of her being.

The sensation was too much for the thirty-something. Her cum spurted out and covered Marjorie's face. "Enjoy that, because that will be your meal from your mistress," she declared. She had no idea why she was into this. Had she discovered a certain part of herself that she had suppressed? Marjorie weakly replied, "yes, mistress. I'll do *anything* you desire." She had fully succumbed. She had become submissive, agreeing to be, in no uncertain terms, owned by this woman, to do whatever she desired. She couldn't believe she'd sunk this low. As the Latina yanked back her head, she would have protested. She couldn't. The pleasure had overtaken her. She could see this woman's light brown thighs. They looked so beautiful. The Latina cared little for Marjorie's comfort and delighted in her pain. She deserved it. She squeezed the woman's tits with her hands, leading to a yelp.

"Don't worry, I'll make you are mine, and no one else's, that you are *my* property, and you only listen to me...you will only fuck the ones I want you to." Marjorie had no grounds to contest this. She only quickly said, "yes, Mistress." Lifting up her arms, she took off her one-piece dress, throwing it to the side. Her slender hips broadened under her, her eyes got a little dark. It even seemed her hair was a little shorter. Her naked body spread out, her tanned skin shining in the artificial light, her breasts huge, soft, and supple. Marjorie was totally losing her mind. What was she doing with herself? She almost couldn't even remember why she had come there in the first place. She would have used a strap-on, Alexandria had nothing like that, so she used a blunt object instead, a hair curler. She plugged it in and shoved it inside of the woman's special place. It caused her to cum like a water fountain.

Her hips jerked fast and helplessly. The noise from her moans echoed around the entire apartment. As her head titled back in complete ecstasy, she couldn't believe how good it felt. Perhaps she was wrong about this kind of thing. All she could think of was *Alexandria*. Sure, people called her AOC for short. The Latina had adopted that. People called her MTG. Still using a first name felt so much more personal, showing the closeness with another person. She felt a suddenly jolt of excitement. The room was filled with heavy breathing and pained cries from Marjorie. The hair curler was soon covered in her slick, making Alexandria smile.

Delighting in the sounds of pain, she kept violently thrusting it inside of Marjorie's alter of love, causing her to increasingly moan and squeal. The Latina could tell this blond-haired woman was getting close to another orgasm, so she increased the pace, while slapping her breasts. The woman couldn't do anything more than give out an erotic moan, quivering from a whole-body climax. It soon sagged and subsided. The Latina wasn't done. Not yet. She moved the hair curler to the woman's tits, causing her more discomfort, especially when one part covered the meat of her breast. She batted around the other tit. All Marjorie could say is, "you...bitch," quietly, and almost breathlessly.

Her body was shaking and sweaty. In an almost patronizing, but sweet tone, she asked, "that's not what *a good girl* says when they have an orgasm...is it? What does a good girl say?" After a few seconds, as she struggled to respond, she could only utter a few words, "thank you...Mistress Alexandria." The Latina smiled, feeling that her domination was complete. She knew now that this woman, who acted like she was *all that* could fold like a house of cards. As Marjorie's breathing calmed down, Alexandria untied her hands. She resisted an urge to take a photograph of her. She could post it somewhere online and show her as someone so defeated. She decided to take a photo anyway, but not share it online. She had another purpose for it. Marjorie looked at her with utter rage after the flash from the phone camera shined off her eyes. What was this woman doing?

"What in the world are you doing, you damn *socialist slut*?" she demanded. Alexandria chuckled. She had a devious smile. "Just insurance. I have to make sure you follow my orders...and don't worry, there *will* be a next time." Marjorie didn't know what to think about this. Should she report her...or... Alexandria came close to her. "It's only to keep track of my property," she said. She slipped back into her sleeveless dress. Marjorie sighed. She was starting to realize what happened that night. She knew there was no turning back. "Fine, *Alexandria*. You can have that photo. If you *ever* even think of publishing it or telling anyone about what we did tonight, I'll be certain to destroy you."

The Latina was used to threats like this. She guessed that Marjorie was just a bitter divorcee. She could manipulate that to her benefit. No one else needed to know. "Okay, *Marjorie*. You know, if someone sees you coming out of this apartment complex, the secret will come out soon enough." The woman was in a bind. This woman had leverage over her. Surely, she could strike out at her. At the same time, she if she took stances deemed too "liberal" or "progressive," then the orange one might no longer support her. It was something which people considered a political death sentence, even though he was an awful person.

She grumbled. She took Alexandria's advice and took a shower so she could get all of the love juices off of her, and to wipe away her sweat. After she got out of the shower, the Latina handed her clean baggy clothes and a wig, which she she had prepared for just this occasion. She commanded her to wear them, noting that if she did not, then *someone* would recognize her. She begrudgingly agreed under the proviso that she had to return them at some point. She placed her usual clothes in a Loewe bag, a luxury brand that the Latina had worn in the past and continued to wear.

As she began to leave the fancy apartment, Marjorie admitted, "Thank you for tonight, *Alexandria*," almost feeling obligated. She would have to sort out everything that happened that night, at some point. She wasn't sure *when* that would happen. The Latina waved as Marjorie left. Following the departure of the blond-haired woman, the Latina slumped on the couch. She wondered why'd done all this. She hoped it all paid off in the end. Only time would tell...

End Notes

Information used in this fic comes from articles in Newsweek ("Marjorie Taylor Greene Behind More Than Half of Attempts to Impeach Biden"), New York Daily News ("Rep. Marjorie Taylor Greene blames Fourth of July mass shooting on LGBTQ plot to enact ‘more gun control’"), The Hill ("Marjorie Taylor Greene introduces bill to make gender-affirming care for transgender youth a felony"), HuffPost ("Rep. Marjorie Taylor Greene Says GOP 'Should Be Christian Nationalists' Party"), The Guardian ("Republican candidates on climate: 'fake science' to 'carbon is healthy'"), and Salon ("Marjorie Taylor Greene pushes conspiracy theory on Al Qaeda leader's death: "Is there proof?""). Other information was used included a page on fastslang about "crazy eyes" and articles in Yahoo, Business Insider, the Independent, and People about AOC's fiancée, Riley Roberts.

There was a lot of reporting in right-wing media about her swanky apartment in D.C. in June 2019, in articles like "AOC Downplays Luxury Apartment, Says Everyone Should Have One" (Free Beacon), "Poor people not allowed in AOC's luxury apartment complex" (Washington Examiner, behind a paywall), and "'It is not science fiction': AOC defends her luxury apartment by saying they should be 'basic rights'" (Washington Examiner, behind a paywall), which slammed her, plus posting by right-wing radio personality Kenny Webster, in February 2019, entitled "Animal Farm: 'AOC' Living In Luxury Apartment in DC." That was helpful to provide a setting for the second part of the fic. As an article in Vanity Fair stated, her critics have "seized on her working-class roots, taunting her for having been a bartender while pointing at her wardrobe and D.C. rental as an attempt to expose her as bougie fabulist," noting that "the irony is that the things Republicans say about her are things that she used to say about herself."

Some of Marjorie's dialogue in this fic was based on a post on Unmarried Equality (Single with No Kids? In the Political World, That May Be Wielded as an Insult). I took slight inspiration from Ottouana's fic, Leave my Mind. Some posts on /r/ladyboners were, of course, an inspiration, in some ways. Otherwise, this fic pulls from articles in Seattle Times, The Wrap here and here, the Independent, and LGBTQ Nation.

Works inspired by this one

Taming an "Unhinged" Woman: Rashida Tlaib and What Happened that July by lefemmerougensfw

Alexandria's Revenge and Marjorie's Surrender by lefemmerougensfw

The Vile Bigot Gets Tamed by lefemmerougensfw

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